Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

The death of Christ is a great mystery; but His birth is even a greater. That He should live a human life at all is stranger than that, so living, He should die a human death. I can scarce get past His cradle in my wondering, to wonder at His cross. The infant Jesus is, in some views, a greater marvel than Jesus with the purple robe and the crown of thorns.

— Crichton

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OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 E. 29th Street New York 16, N. Y.

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CHRISTMAS EVE

O Angels, draw thou near tonight;
Touch with thy finger-tips the hearts of men;
Awaken a flame of love divine;
Move all hearts to know thy way.

— *Vida Reed Stone*

CHRISTMAS

O God, our loving Father, help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the Shepherds, and the worship of the wise men. Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desire with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clear hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITORIAL

A SAVIOUR IS BORN

The holy season of Christmas, celebrated in non-Christian lands as well, is filled with joy and fellowship and with mystery. In this season a great saviour of humanity was born and with his advent the course of history changed for all time. Many in our age think of Christ as a great man only, a great moral teacher. Others, under the influence of the scientific mind, wonder if he ever lived at all. But the greatest people—the illumined souls of East and West, spiritually awakened personalities—learn by intuition and by the unfolding experience of spiritual life, that he was a divine incarnation, the embodiment of Divine Love. And the masses of mankind, awed and enchanted by his great life, and his intense love for humanity, have always regarded him as divine.

His influence on the world has been incalculable. Without him the history of the West in the last two thousand years is inconceivable. We have no idea at all what it would have been like without him. To the world at large only Buddha has left an equal impact on the life of men. Between them, they have divided up the earth. Even today their shadows are immense, encompassing the globe, and their names awaken reverence and mystery even in the hearts of unbelievers.

Why did he come? To help save us. The implication is that we need that help, that salvation is a long and difficult road, that without the power and grace of Christ, and the others like him, we cannot find our way and would remain forever in bondage to our lower natures, our egos, and the spiritual ignorance that is the lot of all of us until we awaken. Even with Christ at the center of our lives the way is strewn with dangers and difficulties—how would it be without him?

Those who pursue a spiritual life without the benefit of a great saint or saviour as the focus of their devotions can, with very few exceptions, make only a limited amount of progress. Is it not an excess of intellectual

pride, a subtle form of egoism, that causes them to dispense with the path of devotion and a Christ-centered life? Strangely enough, most of us—at first—feel that we can attain to illumination and the realization of Truth by our own power alone. This is a self-deception which has to be discarded somewhere along the way. *"No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."*

In the past most Christians have interpreted this statement to mean that salvation was impossible except through Christ, which is a revealing example of the extent of the West's traditional arrogance and egoism toward the rest of the world. But the spiritual influences of the East have gradually filtered into the minds of Western people and we are thinking differently now. Further, the world has grown smaller, men have recognized the need of understanding the philosophy and religions of the Orient, and have come to believe in increasing numbers that all religions were divinely inspired. The sectarian exclusiveness of Christian churches in past generations—a symptom of Western thinking toward the world as a whole, manifested in other areas besides religion—has given way to a deeper understanding of religion itself, of the oneness of life, and the impartial love of God for all men. Such a broad and comprehensive viewpoint was very rare in the 19th century and in the earlier part of this one. *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* is proud to have played a part in furthering the growth of such an attitude.

So Christ's statement, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," cannot mean what Christians used to think it meant. For many have found salvation, many have attained to the highest illumination and greatness of character, in other religions as well. Can there be any doubt of this? And if not, what other proof of a religion's veracity is there? His statement means something else—that we cannot attain to God unless we first worship him in a man who has achieved the highest God-consciousness. We must first adore some great human personality, in whom the divine has flowered, before we can adore God. "He who has seen me," he added, "has seen the Father"—he who has seen a man *like* Christ has seen the God in man and should make him the center of all his spiritual strivings. Unless he

does this, he robs himself of a priceless opportunity to advance toward the supreme Goal.

Christianity is not the churches or their doctrines or the theology of scholars, *it is Christ himself.* If we have Christ, we do not need to believe in anything else. No dogmas, no articles of faith are necessary. These may have a place, but they are mostly for people who want to follow the teachings of a church, not Christ's teachings: people *who do not want religion to interfere with their lives.* Those who want to conquer life and transform themselves, who seek the illumination of spiritual experience and the direct knowledge of Truth, should follow Christ alone--or any other saviour, saint or prophet to whom they offer their adoration and surrender. Christ is above the churches, the creeds, the sects, the theologies. These serve to keep people together in a social sense and give the spiritually unawakened a kind of theoretical faith, but have little to do with the heart of the matter: Christ himself, his life, his teachings, his birth, his death, his suffering, his love.

Now in this season celebrating his birth let us set aside some time to lift up our hearts, alone, in secret joy, while we contemplate the wonder of his advent and all it has meant to a world that would be helpless to awaken itself without him and the other Sons of God. But at this time of year Jesus may stand for the others, and in worshipping him this Christmas season we will be paying tribute to all who have come to this earth to show a stumbling humanity the way to spiritual freedom and unending bliss.

Salutations to the Christ! Salutations to Jesus of Nazareth! May he illumine our understandings, may he fill us with his divine love! May our prayers at Christmas, through his grace, envelop the whole world in an all-embracing spirit of good-will and peace, and help mankind to recognize the solidarity of all life as it struggles, under the gaze of God, to realize the eternal truth of its being. »»»»

LET ME FIND STARS

THE ETERNAL WONDER, and singular repetition of God's patterns of beauty reflected in the world of nature about us, never ceases to be an inspiration. One of the most recurrent and loveliest of all designs is that of the star. We find it not only resplendent in magnitude and glory in the heavens of night, but we find it in the miniature and daintiest of flowers.

Stars appear in a multitude of places. In awe I have gazed at the astral regions flooded with the stellar bodies in the rarified atmosphere of the desert. I have looked up to where the tree-tops tangle the starlight beams with long green needles on a mountain crest. I have noted the phenomenon of stars imprinted on wet sand, moulded from a creature lifted from the silent blue-green world of the sea. With my hands I have scooped up starry blossoms which had fallen from flowering trees and bushes, and once amid a wild storm came the strange fall of alabaster star-flakes of snow.

Continually I am amazed by the sudden unexpected appearance of this celestial figure in new forms. The humble mud puddle shimmers with glistening star-sequins. A leaf carries a star-diamond reflected in a crystal bead of dew upon its veins. A pathway across an ebony sea is a scarf of star-drift. And deep in the eyes of love shine tender stars of luminous wonder. Gleaming eternally in a child's clear bright gaze are the joyous stars of adoration when he beholds the Christmas tree shining with twinkling lights of unselfish giving in the name of the Christ child, whose birthday was heralded by a star of hope and peace for all the world.

LET ME FIND STARS, little earthly stars in the day or the stellar lights of the firmament. But let me find most of all a star of love to illumine the pathway for a brave new world of men, just as the star of Bethlehem shone down once upon the Christ child, the light of God for all the world.

— Zelma Dennis

PRAY IN SECRET

Mildred Long

PRAYER IS MYSTERIOUS. Its meaning is different to different people. Many and varied are its forms and expressions. Many and varied are its results.

But perhaps too few of us have plumbed its depths, or derived from it the real blessings intended, or used it in the way Jesus taught. For Jesus said, "When ye pray, enter into your closet and when you have shut the door, pray to your Father .... in secret."

It is this secret prayer and the practice of it that has transforming power in our lives. All other forms of prayer are outward and superficial, tend to inflate the ego and gratify self.

But when we meet God in secret alone within our hearts, prayer begins to have meaning and to become vital. First of all, our desire to know God in this intimate way, to have personal communion with Him, is the measure of our love for Him. In this kind of prayer we ask for nothing. We simply draw close to Him to feel His presence, the warmth of His love and compassion, the vigor of His strength. We wait quietly, with all human thoughts in abeyance. We listen to hear His still small voice. We become aware of that which we call Spirit, a light and a fullness that produce life and light within us.

This kind of communion with God is not easy to attain. It requires diligence and patience based on deep desire. But it is the only kind of prayer that brings us into conscious fellowship with God and enables Him to implant upon our hearts the likeness of His character.

To attain to likeness of His character is our goal. To come into oneness of spirit and purpose with Him is our desire and His. To be transformed into His image should express our highest aspiration. Prayer in secret and in silence is the means to this goal.

Only this secret inward prayer is able to transform us. For only as we put aside external considerations and still our inward ramblings and turmoil of thinking can God's spirit have direct access to our spirits. Only as we thus touch the Divine are we able to get a correct view of ourselves, our failures

and weaknesses, our sins and egocentricity.

To see ourselves in the light of His perfection is the first step toward change and transformation. Then we desire to allow His spirit to work upon us to change what needs to be changed. Then we pray, "Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me." Our desire for perfection, our eagerness to be like Him, is daily increased by this silent communion.

And how else can a life be transformed in the hidden depths except by contact with God and His redeeming, healing love? An electric bulb cannot give off light till the wire makes contact with the current. The current is life. Without it the bulb is powerless and useless. So with the soul and God. Daily contact, hourly renewal, the "praying without ceasing", is the requirement for a transformed life.

PRAY IN SECRET. Let the redeeming, cleansing power of God's spirit touch you, surround you, heal you, and make you into His image and likeness. This is all you need to do. God takes care of all outward results, for Jesus said, "Your Father who seeth in secret will reward you openly."

LET ME BE AWARE

Lord, let me be aware--
Of diamond drops in morning dew;
Of bird-calls, tree-tops, dome of blue;
Of each day's blessings fresh and new.

Lord, let me be aware--
Of seeds of growth in heart and mind,
Seeking, reaching up to find
The Spirit's joy and wealth combined.

Lord, let me be aware--
Of quietness within the soul;
Of God's indwelling, life's true goal;
And peace that makes my spirit whole.

— Mildred Long

CHRISTMAS AND THE ORDINARY MAN

Dr. W. J. Thompson

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS reveals divine tenderness and matchless beauty. And it is not only a beautiful narrative, but also an inspiring message for each one of us today.

It is significant that the first announcement of Christ's birth was made to a few shepherds, men of humble position. There were great leaders in Palestine, but to none of these the Angel came. God's wonderful message was given to a few shepherds. The work of a shepherd had fallen into disrepute; yet it was to this obscure and lowly class that the Angel came, proclaiming the birth of the Messiah. And this was done so that no man might despair. So through the corridors of time the Saviour comes, offering salvation to all, including the lost and lowliest of mankind.

The very genius and glory of the Gospel is that it emphasizes the infinite value and importance of the humblest soul, and brings a shining hope to the most obscure individual.

The second thing to note in this Message of the first Christmas is that it came to shepherds who were with their flocks. *"There were shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night."* These humble men were at their usual posts, doing their regular duty, guarding their sheep, when suddenly the heavens were ablaze with divine splendor, the air echoed with marvelous music, and before their startled gaze flashed the radiant figures of the heavenly host.

It is on our daily duty that the glory falls. If we evade our task we will miss the Angels. But if we are loyal to our usual work, we shall hear the music of heaven and catch the vision of glory.

Finally, it should be noted that the birth of Christ took place in a small inn, in a small village—conclusive answer to those who think that all events and characters are to be measured by the magnitude of the stage on which they appear, and a decisive demonstration to all who judge by appearances.

In conclusion, a word about Joseph is pertinent here. At this glorious season of the year we hear many mes-

sages concerning persons connected with the story of Christmas, and the coming of Christ, but how many have ever heard a Christmas sermon about Joseph. This man—an essential figure in the marvelous event of Christmas—is the representative of a large group of men who never became famous after the standard of the world, but who are great in God's sight. The 'Joseph type' of men are the Lord's unpraised heroes who never occupy prominent places, never stand in the center of the stage, but who quietly and efficiently do the duties assigned to them.

Someone once referred to Joseph as 'the forgotten man of Christmas' but men like Joseph are very serviceable to God. The idea that an obscure person has nothing to offer the world is entirely false. Everyone is important in God's sight. Each possesses a divine gift and each has a distinct contribution to make to the rest. So when we come at Christmas Time and bow in worship before the babe of Bethlehem, remember Joseph, the 'forgotten man', who was chosen by God for such a stupendous role and who responded nobly to the divine call.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS—

Unless the Christ Child is born in my heart, the real meaning of Christmas is lost. Unless the star which shed its light upon the manger in which the Christ Child was born in Bethlehem, illumine MY life, leading me "in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake," then Christmas is just another day. If, on this hallowed and joyous occasion, we feel the Love and the Light and the Power of God flooding our whole being, shining through us out into the world, illumining and uplifting and helping all who come into our presence, then Christmas is indeed a sublime and meaningful event.

— Harry Halsey Starrett

THE GOLDEN SANDALS

Mark Halpern

Literary genius may be said to be that rare faculty of clothing the commonplace with the magic illusion of profound grandeur and immortal beauty. Thus the great literary giants owe their fame chiefly to their penetrating insight into the heart of prosaic life, wherein they discovered and brought forth the beauty of the soul of things. But the beauty and nobility hidden in what man often regards as commonplace is found not only in literature, but in every-day life as well. It is not easy to discover it in real life, for it is apt to be concealed and overshadowed by the brilliance of the unusual and spectacular.

It is no wonder, then, that in his continual preoccupation with his hero-worship of the worldly great, man is inclined to overlook the noble and heroic oft to be found beneath the simple robes of the commonplace. So many are apt to look down in disdain upon the homely and unattractive little duties of life, as well as upon the obscure and retiring personalities to be met with everywhere. Only the great and the important, whether of enterprises or of people, are considered worthy of interest.

But the great sages and teachers of the race have taught otherwise. They have admonished us to have respect for the individual soul in whatever embodiment or position in life. And they have likewise instructed us never to regard any task lying near at hand, no matter how menial or irksome, as unworthy of our time and attention.

The apostle Paul warns us against being influenced by appearances, when he says: *"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares"*... And elsewhere in the scriptures are the words: *"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"*...

* * *

IN THE TOWN OF BETHANY, in the days when Jesus of Nazareth was ministering unto the sick in soul and body, there lived a tax-collector and his ten sons. His nine eldest sons were all scholars in Biblical lore and deeply

versed in the profound philosophy of the wise Greeks. The youngest was a nobody in the eyes of all.

The tax-collector, whose name was Baraz, was proud of his nine eldest sons. He felt acutely the stigma of his vocation; since in those days a tax-collector was held in ill-repute by the people and considered no better than a thief or highway robber. Baraz had always felt guilty in conscience that he was one of the despised profession; and long ago had determined that his sons should not follow in his footsteps, but should be respected and become outstanding citizens of the community.

Great was his rejoicing, therefore, when he discovered that his sons displayed an unusual aptitude for higher learning. What could vindicate him more in the eyes of his fellow man, than the fact that he was the father of brilliant and highly moral young scholars! Jehovah had seen fit, in His Infinite mercy and compassion, to remove the stigma from his good name by blessing him with nine wonderful sons who had consecrated themselves to become priests in the Holy Temple.

But the tenth son, Talmin by name, had never fulfilled the hopes of his father. Unlike his talented brothers, he seemed utterly devoid of any capacity for higher learning. He was shy and retiring, and it was difficult to get a word from him. He preferred to sit in a corner and listen to the clever and well-informed dissertations of his gifted elder brothers. They, on the other hand, treated him more like a servant than as a brother; ordering him about and forcing him to wait on them. And for a reward they gave him contempt and ridicule. "Infant fool" they called him, though he was in his fifteenth year and fully grown.

And the father treated him no better. For Baraz always took his lead in all things from his nine brilliant sons. If they looked with derision upon Talmin and called him "Infant fool," then "Infant fool" Talmin was!

Often Talmin dreamt of leaving home and striking out for himself. He had lost his mother several years before, and it was obvious that his father and brothers had no love for him. Indeed, it often seemed to him that he was not wanted—that they would be happy to be rid of him.

He had been hearing such wonderful stories about Jesus of Nazareth, about the marvelous miracles the Master was performing. But most of all Talmin was intrigued with reports of the inspiring and illuminating words that flowed in healing beauty from the lips of the Master. He could think of no greater happiness than to be numbered among the disciples of the Great Teacher, always going about from place to place and helping to heal and comfort those who were in pain or sorrow.

But then Talmin would remember how young he was and how lacking in talent and in the gift of clever speech. And as he dwelt upon his shortcomings, he grew more convinced of his unworthiness to be a disciple of the Master. Perhaps it was even as his brothers often said: he was good for nothing but to brush their clothing and clean their sandals.

Then one day the glorious news came. The Master was on his way to Bethany! He would visit at the home of one of his disciples the following day.

Talmin's nine brothers became excited. Determined on seeing the Master when he arrived the next day, they laid out their best robes before retiring for the night, and gave their sandals to Talmin to be cleaned.

He was unable to fall asleep that night, but kept thinking of the wonderful tidings that the Great Teacher was to be in their town in a matter of only hours.

Talmin felt that somehow he must see the Master, and, if possible, listen to the healing words of love. But he knew his brothers would refuse to take him along. They would laugh at him and call him "Infant fool." And if he dared show himself at the disciple's home against their will, he knew they would beat him.

But suddenly he felt he did not care what happened to him, if only he saw the face of the Master. They could beat him for it; yes, they could even kill him. And if he died, it would all have been worth while. He was more than willing to give his all for the sake of seeing the Great Teacher just once. Yes, he would go to the disciple's home on the morrow.

As he continued thinking of the Master, the love with-

in his heart began to expand, until he felt he must express it in some way. It was then he remembered the sandals of his nine brothers. He had not yet cleaned them. He had left them below at the fireplace, with the thought of cleaning them in the morning.

But now he felt he could not wait to begin work on them. Rising, he stole softly down the stairs, lit a candle, and soon was engaged in cleaning the ten pairs of sandals, for he included his father's with the rest.

He did not know how long he had been working, but finally he came to the last pair and applied himself with a loving burst of energy and enthusiasm. Then, as he was about to rise to his feet, he stiffened as he beheld there was another pair of sandals, close to the last pair he had just finished cleaning. *Golden Sandals!*

But the Golden Sandals were not empty. Somebody was standing there in them.

Slowly, fearfully, Talmin raised his eyes. He gasped. The gentlest and most beautiful face he had ever seen was gazing down at him with a wondrous smile of Infinite love. And he knew in the great joy of his heart that it was the radiant face of the Master!

Talmin felt his eyes could endure that dazzling radiance no longer. And so he closed them, bowed his head reverently, and said,

"I thank thee, good Master for coming to me..."

When he looked up again, the Master was gone. But there were the Golden Sandals!..,

* * *

There is an old maxim that says:

"When all the shoes and boots we've shined,
The Golden Sandals of the Lord we find"...

OF COURSE, the wise teaching contained in those words is symbolic. It merely impresses upon man the idea that the ordinary and commonplace must not be disdained. The soul of virtue and beauty is oft hid beneath the unattractive cloak of drab duties and colorless personalities.

— *From JEWELS FROM A TEMPLE*

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

Bess Foster Smith

FINDING A WAY to permanent peace is the greatest need of the world today. We of the Western World shout and clamour and sometimes fight for it, but are far short of obtaining it. In the East a tiny wisp of a man, Mohandas K. Gandhi, meekly lived and died for it and demonstrated to the world a less violent way by his voluntary sacrifice that brought freedom to more people than we have won with all our wars put together.

It is altogether fitting for us, here, in this wonderfully blessed land, to pause and reflect upon what may be the only way to peace left, when we consider what another war would mean for mankind. The weapon Gandhi used so successfully was *non-violence*. Vincent Sheean in his book LEAD KINDLY LIGHT suggests that Gandhi's way to peace for the world is in fact the only way left. He says that "It is no accident that this most literal and downright apostle of peace ... should have taught his lesson in the exact time area which also produced the limitless destructive power of modern physical experiment - the atom bomb." All of which he thinks, after reading Toynbee's theory of the rise and fall of nations, could be the final warning to the world.

Gandhi read and partook of all religious literature, knowing that "effluences flow from all things." He received great inspiration from The Sermon on The Mount and from Christian hymns. He made his Christian friends better Christians, and his Islamic followers better Muslims. He himself was one of the greatest of Hindus because he expressed above everything else that all-embracing, impersonal, truth-absorbing catholicity of Hinduism. Whatever garment the truth wears, it makes no difference. He considered worship, itself, more important than the form it takes.

He differed from most holy men in that he was a man of action and put every theory of truth to the test, promoting practical benefits and blessings for his people. He did not claim to be a saint. He did not make any rules for others. His life was to them the perfect example insofar as he could make it perfect. The secrets of his power were true conviction, non-violence and chastity.

THE EXAMPLE of Mohandas Gandhi's voluntary sacrifice has made a deep impression on the world and had more far-reaching effects than is yet supposed. Sheean's plea is for us to let Gandhi lead us all (who are responsive to this lesson) back to that central core of being in which we communicate with an idea higher and greater than ourselves, and there try to find the answer to our dilemma.

PRAYER FOR TRUTH

O GOD, our searchings after truth are like the brooks that flow to the rivers and mingle at last in the sea. They come from one source and are bound for one ultimate goal. Our many creeds are like the sparkling points on the prism of truth, all revealing some facet of the eternal splendor of divine reality.

Save us from confusing our one ray of light with the infinitude of thy sun, and our partial revelation with the ultimate unfolding of thy glory. Liberate us from arrogance as we recall the prophets of many centuries and the obligation we owe them.

Release us from the suspicion and pride that align us against brothers of other faiths. Bring to an end the era of schism among the religions of our world. Guide us into cooperation on a global scale in a united crusade against poverty, disease, illiteracy, and war, in a mighty constructive demonstration of brotherhood and social conscience.

Bring thy children together, O Father of us all. Amen.

— Robert Merrill Bartlett
In WITH ONE VOICE.

TWO POEMS

Carla Patsuris

LEGACY FOR TODAY

In a heart's own core
Waiting to be stirred
No thing is a void thing:
Event or word.

So never miss the sky,
The ocean or the grass;
Search on always! Always
More shall pass.

More for living through
With more of life to know,
And places, places, places
Yet to go...

Even ebon earth
Provokes a hope if we
But meditate
Upon Eternity.

ENCHANTMENT

In July and August
Gardenias in noble ecstasies
Flower beside
Cooling, glossy lemon trees.
Now Amaryallis, Cyclamen,
Pixie-roses bloom
And it is Summer-time
In a January room.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

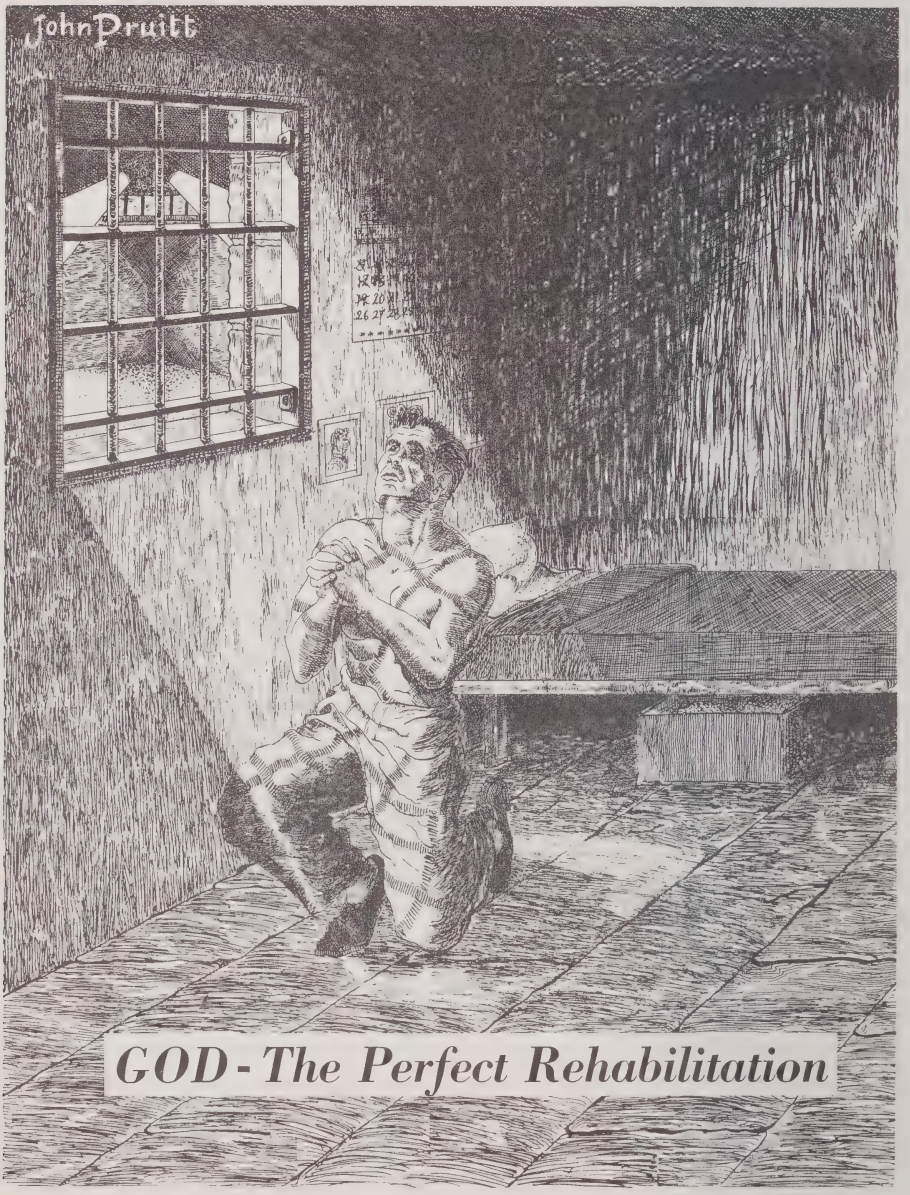
Janet Hackney

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST MEMORIES of my childhood is the memory of leaving a cup of coffee and some of my mother's homemade cookies for Santa. I always looked to see if the cup was empty and the cookies gone before I looked for my gifts under the tree. I worried that the coffee would be cold by the time Santa came, but mother assured me Christmas Eve was a time of miracles and magic and that somehow the coffee would stay warm this one time of the year. Yes, the coffee and cookies were always gone and my mother had taught me, too, the true spirit of Christmas: To give is more blessed than to receive.

Christmas takes planning and time, but it must be spontaneous too. True giving is a brimming over of unselfish love. The instant the act becomes an impulse in the heart, life takes on new promise and joy. True giving must be a joyful secret between your God and you---the joy of giving of ourselves to life, to others! The real spirit of Christmas is an attitude, a natural reflection of God's love, an overflowing of creative goodness. Then we are true children of God. As in the Biblical allegory of Elijah and the widow's oil, we do not pour ourselves out, but allow the spirit within us to overflow. And, like the good Samaritan, we respond to need, not to the merit of the one in need.

Christmas Day can be any day you take time to read to a blind person, share a meal with a lonely person or one far from home, encourage a young person, do someone a favor who cannot possibly repay you, take a tray to a neighbor who is ill, make a child smile, or share a cross with another. It can be any day you wake with a hungry heart to be about your Father's business. Then say, "Good morning, God, thank You for your beautiful world, for changing seasons, water to drink and bread to eat, for eyes to see and ears to hear. Thank You for friends and relatives and people. What can I do for You today? I have twenty-four hours to do as I would be done by. Let's make it a day to cherish and remember."

For, "What does the Lord require of Thee but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?" (Micah 6:8)


John Pruitt
GOD - The Perfect Rehabilitation

THE BONDAGE OF LIFE

In Matthew 8:21-2 we read of a disciple who had been picked by Christ to be one of his followers but who, hesitating to plunge whole-heartedly into the spiritual life, as a close companion of the Master, just as most of us would have done, pleaded that he had to first bury his father. Christ replied: "Follow ME, and let the dead bury their dead." This answer has puzzled many people but clearly it means what it says. In effect he was saying to the new disciple: "There are people who are dead physically, ready for burial, and there are others who are dead spiritually—your friends and relatives, all the people around you are, with few exceptions, dead themselves. Let THEM--they who are living in death--bury the dead. YOU follow me. For you, I perceive, are awakened; and by following me you will awaken completely."

It is a terrible commentary on the natural human condition, before the Spirit of God has touched it. Christ is saying that in our natural states, even in the society of men, we are dead, and that only by the direct influence of God upon a human life can we even begin to awaken to the real life that is our inheritance. St. Paul, too, compared the life of most people to darkness and death. Buddha repeatedly described our human life as a state of sleep. Ramakrishna said that without divine grace man was helpless, enslaved to his senses and desires. The moment we cease thinking of God, he said, we are bound.

The illustration on the opposite page depicts more than a man in a prison cell. It suggests the condition all of us are in until we have known the reality of God by direct spiritual experience. We are all chained by our egos, imprisoned in our senses, in bondage to ignorance, except that most people do not realize this yet. This is the tragedy of life--that we are in prison, all of us, and do not know it. Only the spiritual seeker begins to realize this and is able, gradually, to loosen his bondage and attain to freedom. Prayer, meditation, and struggle with our lower natures are the means whereby we gain the power to break free, and the Grace of God is the divine Light that liberates us from our sleep of ignorance and death. -- P.H.

ON LEARNING HOW TO PRAY

H. Richard Rasmusson

THAT WAS A STRANGE question a disciple asked Jesus when after concluding prayer in a certain place, he said to him: "Master, teach us to pray." As far as we know this is the only time any of the disciples asked Jesus to teach them. And what they wanted instruction in this time was prayer.

And mark you, if you will, their new interest in prayer came not from new intellectual arguments in its favor, but from its effects in a personality. In the person of Jesus before them, they saw new exhibitions of its power. They saw him come in exhausted from the day's teaching and healing, and they saw him come out from his communion with God invigorated and strengthened. The longer they associated with him the more it grew upon them that their Master's secret was his praying. And while the disciples had prayed all their lives, it was evident to them that they did not know how to pray. Seeing prayer fill their Master's life with spiritual power and missing that effect of prayer in their own lives, they said to him: "*Teach us to pray.*"

There are things about prayer that I do not understand. All of us have problems and questions on the matter I am dealing with. But beyond all these difficulties remains the fact of prayer as a force doing something to personalities and giving these power and perseverance for work. And so whenever I hear someone argue that prayer is irrational, I keep thinking of personalities who were made courageous and sacrificial by their praying. Like the disciples I am interested in prayer because I have seen exhibitions of its power in people.

When Henry M. Stanley the explorer came out of Africa, he said this to the world: "On all my expeditions prayer made me stronger, morally and mentally, than any of my non-praying companions. It did not blind my eyes, or dull my mind, or close my ears, but on the contrary, it gave me confidence. It did more; it gave me joy and pride in my work, and lifted me hopefully over the one thousand five hundred miles of forest tracks, eager to face the day's perils and fatigues." Here is another personality coming out from his praying,

invigorated, strengthened, empowered.

Yes, there is in the world a Power not ourselves working for righteousness; a Force able to release into us power, a life willing to well up within us and make us strong and of good courage. But how to get in contact with this life? As the disciple said: "Master, teach us to pray." Let us look then at what some of the great pray-ers of history would tell us about how to pray.

Well for one thing they tell us to pray *unselfishly*. But until we become captives to some of God's purposes for the earth, we cannot pray the unselfish prayer at all. This comes when we find some great cause to live with and work for.

"Prayer," wrote Frederick Maurice to a friend, "is surely not asking God to love people and do them good because we love them better than He does; but offering ourselves as sacrifices to Him, that He may fill us with his love and send us on His errands." That's saying what I mean. And you can see at once that that makes praying a dangerous business. You never can tell where this kind of praying will take you. Far from such praying being a retreat from reality, escape into spiritual anesthetic, it is a means of God laying hold on us and claiming us for some hard and different job. How many people would be in jobs and places other than where they are, had they never truly prayed.

For another thing, they tell us to pray *receptively*. The Bible tells about Jesus "going out" and "coming in". When he went out we are to understand that he gave himself to the task of directing, shaping, re-making his world; he was busy doing something to his world. When he came in we are to understand that he relaxed and let another part of his world do something to him. And this last attitude is of the very essence of prayer. Instead of being aggressive, assertive, active when in communion with God, we must use another technique altogether and become appreciative and receptive. *"Spirit of God, descend upon my heart."* *"Drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease."*

Anyone who attends a musical concert must come receptively. If I want to get the most out of a concert for myself I must bring with me not the technique we use tack-

ling the problems in our workday world, but the technique of quiet, calm, appreciation, surrender—in short, we must be receptive. There are times when we go out and do something to our world. But there are other times when we come in and let the world of beauty or music or truth do something to us; feeling empty, we come to receive. And this latter attitude vitally pertains to prayer.

Now this makes prayer something vastly different from forcing our will upon God and His universe. And very often this last has been the whole meaning of prayer. Too often people conceive prayer as a means of persuading God to do for them what they want. They make God a magnified servant and prayer is the ringing of a bell whereby they get what they want.

But the great souls of history have prayed another way altogether. They have prayed receptively. "I will hear," said the Psalmist, "what God the Lord will speak." "Not my will but thine be done," said Jesus.

The symbol of prayer is the open heart and that calls for receptivity.

Harry Emerson Fosdick

wrote:

Receptive make our spirits,
Our need is to be still;
As down fades flickering candle
So dim our anxious will.
Reveal thy radiance thru us,
Thine ample strength release,
Not ours but thine the triumph,
In the power of peace.

Thirdly, they tell us to pray *affirmatively*. Much of our scepticism with reference to prayer has its roots in our failure to pray affirmatively.

Here is a person who has become caught in the coils of some sin or bad habit. He has prayed a great deal about it and has been earnest and sincere in his praying. Yet he makes the confession to his minister that he has received no help. And with a little cross-examination the minister finds that in his praying the person has been holding his sin or need in the center of attention.

Picture a man who is in ill health going to prayer about his need and praying thus: "I am sick, very sick; my pain, O Lord, is very severe. Look upon me in kindness because I am exceedingly sick." And of course with every repetition of such a prayer, the man builds his sickness more deeply into

his life, And this principle holds for every prayer and need, from sins of the flesh to sins like discouragement and anxiety. The failure of this kind of prayer is the failure to pray affirmatively.

When we pray affirmatively we turn our backs on our wretched, miserable needs, refuse to hold in the center of attention our sins and shortcomings and concentrate instead on the rich resources of the divine goodness; as Paul put it, to "think on what is true, worthy, pure, on everything excellent and praiseworthy."

And such are the great prayers of the Bible:

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the
still waters.
He restoreth my soul.

That is affirmative prayer.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul:
*and **all** that is within me,*
bless his holy name."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul
and forget not all his
benefits,
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

That is affirmative prayer.

This then is the answer to the problem, learning how to pray:

Pray unselfishly
Pray receptively
Pray affirmatively.

THONGHTS FOR ASPIRANTS

THE ART OF LIVING...

There is a way of living so vitally, freshly, originally, spontaneously and dynamically that life becomes a transformation, a state of perpetual joy, a native ecstasy which nothing can take away.

We must be perfectionists in every particular. Our character is built in our everyday lives, moulded by our reactions to every little circumstance. The universe is so built as to bring out the best in each one of us, little as we may realize it.

— *In* NEW OUTLOOK
Los Angeles

A MEDITATION

God, THOU ART!

Perhaps this is the highest I can ever say or think concerning Thee; for when my mind tries to contemplate Thy nature, it falls silent in the realization of its utter impotence to conceive Infinity.

Its thoughts are seen as but the imperfect gropings of an intellect which could never be otherwise than limited and colored by its own finite nature.

No, mind cannot grasp Thee, O Infinite One, but Thou hast left the heart free to reach toward Thee in love and simple faith.

Thou, the Supreme Spirit, art infinitely beyond us, yet infinitely near; pervading, penetrating, sustaining all things; present everywhere, but possessed nowhere; yet mystically, mysteriously abiding in the innermost depths of the human heart where Thou canst be realized as a Presence, intimately close and near.

Light of all lights, Supreme Truth and Wisdom, Love and Beauty, Joy and Power, Thou art our changeless Refuge, our only Home. Inconceivable and formless art Thou in Thy ultimate nature, Thy supreme Reality, yet realizable and with form as our Divine Father or Mother, Companion or Friend, Guru and Guide, and the heart's Eternal Beloved.

Beyond all separativeness and strife, all evil and suffering, THOU ART and in Thee we live and move and have our true being.

— *Helen Bridgman*

MOUNTAIN-TOP PRAYER

Let me stand straight and tall as pine trees are,
And hold their vision of each shining star.
Give me humility of flower's grace
Whose beauty blossoms in some stony place.
Grant me the calm that fills a mountain lake,
With healing peace my grateful soul may take.
Stretch wide my heart as mountain vistas show,
Teach me Thy wisdom that I too may grow.
This is my hilltop prayer in faith, oh God,
Let me touch stars while standing on Thy sod.

— *Zelma Dennis*

SUMMER'S ENDING

Autumn's voice chimes close and clear
Against a Nature Lover's ear;
Indian pipes blow faint and low,
Leaves rustle in the golden glow
Of early sunsets...shortening days,
Through an amber, purple haze
Of asters, goldenrod and thistles
While a winging redbird whistles.
Daisies starring in my path
Are part of summer's aftermath;
Sumac-bushes, deep dyed red,
Bespeak the frosty days ahead:
Nature's voices join in blending
Warning notes of summer's ending.

— Lucille Agniel Calmes

THE STAR OF THE THIRD FIRMAMENT

Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas

A PROMINENT EDITOR tells of an evening spent with a famous astronomer. Speaking of distance and time solely in terms of units in themselves so vast as to be almost inconceivable, this expert on the universes proved that neither man nor his solar system amounts to much in the perspective of eternity, and that life is infinitesimal in the bulk of existing matter, being an insignificant, if not accidental, phenomenon associated only with certain "colloidal aggregates." He even wondered whether the greatest of human problems were not trival.

This astronomer was a mental twin of the dentist in whose chair I once sat. I soon discovered that he had an eye for one thing only. He proved to his own satisfaction that good teeth are the sole requisite for sound health, thus blithely putting worlds of other experts out of business! Significantly, there are other professions than that of dentistry and other firmaments than the sky of the astronomer.

There is the recently discovered firmament of the physicist, as baffling to the layman as the firmament of the astronomer. The atom, far from being the tiniest speck of matter, is the locus of a whole solar system of electrons revolving incessantly around a nucleus of protons and neutrons. Tomorrow's newspaper may add to the mysterious complexity of the atom. In fact, the physicist is fast throwing doubt on matter's being matter at all!

There remains a third firmament. Paul called it "Christ within you." Immanuel Kant called it the moral law. Victor Hugo, ignorant of the extent of the firmaments of modern science, is still accurate: "There is one spectacle grander than the sea, that is the sky; there is one spectacle grander than the sky, that is the interior of the soul."

One thing neither the astronomer nor the physicist can *disprove*, namely, the inner life of a completely human being provides the most adequate insight into reality known to man. Remember, a man, a child of God, cannot be thoroughly mature unless completely developed as spirit. "*God*," said Jesus, "*is spirit*." God's children,

therefore, *are* spirit. This is our inheritance.

In star-gazing, the telescope is the chief instrument. In probing the atom, high-powered microscopes must be used. When inquiring into reality, man himself, active agent of reality, is the incomparable instrument. Here, the instrument is alive. Most significant of all phenomena is the spectacle of a physical mote, man, equipped with faculties able to contemplate all things, and capable of godlike experience.

If it were possible in one sweep of vision to contemplate all the foremost objects of knowledge, what would be the giants at the summit? Not the island universes, but *men:* men like Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Isaiah, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, Shakespeare, Kant, Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Darwin, Tennyson, Emerson—men whose inner triumphs have thrown light on human destiny, and whose spiritual achievements have made more tolerable the struggle with nature. The Mount Everest on the human scene, of course, for most of us, is Jesus of Nazareth.

The thing great in such men is the gift of genius, for genius is the power of God incarnate in clay. I include genius in humaneness or kindness and in self-giving. I also include what Mary Austin loved to call "*everyman's genius,*" which she found to function best in the creative prayer-life of the race.

As I gaze about me from my own point of observation, I find, as I have stated, three firmaments, each made known by its own specialized type of expert: (1) There is the firmament of the sky, whose glories are unfolded by the insight and skill of the astronomer. (2) There is the firmament of the physicist, who holds the key to the "splitting" of the nucelus of the atom, releasing such energy as man never before has controlled. (3) There is the firmament of the soul, greatest of all because we see in it most clearly what God is like, so that we may work with Him on the highest levels of being, illumined by the insights of the greatest of all experts, namely, the ethical and spiritual prophets.

We need all the experts. We are debtor to them all, but each should *qualify* and be big enough to honor every other expert in whatever field. For no one man can be expert in all fields of knowledge. In this business of experts,

a snobbish attitude toward others and an overweening sense of self-esteem are fatal defects.

AND SO, among human phenomena that engage my unending wonder, I list the following: Jesus, when the storm was blackening, setting his face steadfastly toward the center of it, instead of fleeing in safety to Persia or Egypt; the early Christians, joyful in martyrdom, finding a formula for living happily in the catacombs; Savonarola, refusing to be bribed by gold or the cardinal's hat, and choosing the stake rather than to cease denouncing the crimes of the pope; Spinoza, refusing the affluence of a friend for fear it would bias him, earning his meager living by grinding lenses in order to write freely of God, the soul and highest happiness; Albert Schweitzer, under the equator, atoning for the sins of the white man by relieving the pain and death agonies of African Negroes... Time is too short for naming all the men and women, whose interior triumphs, expressed in action, left the world better than they found it.

IT IS IN THE INTERIOR of the soul that the delicate but irrepressible activites originate and the energy breaks forth that create the new society of love, justice, intelligence and good sense. The star of Bethlehem was not the greatest among stars because it was in the firmament external to man. This star was probably something like the nova of Tycho Brahe which, brighter than Jupiter or Venus at their maximum was visible at midday and remained visible to the naked eye for many months, appearing but once. The Star of Christmas shines wherever the Spirit of Christ is welcomed. It gleams perpetually in the firmament of the soul through living faith, with the light of *"the Beyond that is Within,"* —the light with power to change the personal and social life of mankind into the patterns of universal peace and creative good-will.

God does not pet the good man: he tries him, hardens him, and fits him for Himself.

— Seneca

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Response to Fear

I hear shrill cries of anger and of fear
From those who dread the solid world will crash,
Predicting that the end of Earth is near,
By bomb destroyed or fire burnt to ash.
Amidst discordant sounds I silent stand
And ponder shrieking pandemonium.
Shall I, too, tremble at the terror planned,
The naked force that strikes the nations dumb?
I choose to live serenely and with grace,
And not be prey to apoplectic fright.
What need have I of Earth and Time and Space
If I am loyal to the Inner Light?
I hold this faith—Were this world swept away,
I'd find another realm to live and pray.

— *Francis Merchant*

LET YOURSELF BE HELPED...

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE who will not let you do them a favor. They even find it hard to accept a compliment. They are not kind in this for we all have great need to do favors for each other. Intercourse between praying humans is the action of God. I have great need to give and you have great need to receive and vice versa. *Otherwise we cannot experience the action of the divine life.*

Study to be open and receptive to good from every direction,--good words, good-will, and good actions. Count each instance as God's voice or hand extended to you through the agency of a person.

An important corollary to this point is your attitude in prayer. Prayer is giving yourself to God in order that God may give you more of Himself. The only thing you can give to God is your attention, recognition and worship. He already has all else. He needs nothing, but He wants your receptive attention that He may help you. So give it to Him in recognition of His great ability *to* help you.

— *Ervin Seale*

HUMANITY'S PRAYER

Oh Heavenly Father, hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom on earth like that in heaven make.
Teach us to see the virtues in our enemies
As we see the faults in our friends.

Help us oh Lord to realize thy glories on earth
As we see the helplessness of mankind.
Give us the insight to see the working of your plan
And the courage to await its fulfillment.

Console us merciful God with the thought that
Men will not destroy one another much longer.
Help all world leaders to see the value of peace
And the advantage of working together for that goal.

With thine ineffable intelligence render us subservient
To thy will. Let not our will lead us into darkness.
We thy people desire but the one objective:
Thy will be done.

— Henry E. Scofield

HOLINESS, PURITY AND CHARITY are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world. Every religious system has produced men and women of the most exalted character. In the face of this evidence, if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his own religion and the destruction of others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart.

— Swami Vivekananda

In Zen "God" is lived. But He can only be lived when attachment to our usual knowledge has ceased; then from that moment we discover his nature in us, and this nature mingles with all things.

— Robert Linssen in LIVING ZEN

PRAYER

WHAT IS PRAYER? It is the means by which men hold communication with God. It is more like conversation than petition. It is important, primarily, because it brings into consciousness the reality of God. The realization of God is the condition of the finest character and the most heroic endeavor.

How may one pray or converse with the Spirit who pervades the universe? We may meditate on Him, on what He is and on what He requires, until His will becomes our law. The more we do this, the more real He will become. The first thing to do when we pray is to hold the mind to the thought of God; and the second is to ask ourselves what we think to be His will. In answering that question to ourselves God will speak to us through our minds, if we are perfectly honest. The next thing is to put away evil. He who cherishes evil in his heart cannot pray. These four acts belong in all prayer: Thought about God; inquiry of God who dwells in our own hearts as to what is the divine will; an honest acceptance of the answer to that inquiry which will usually be conveyed through human faculties; a resolute effort to banish evil from thought, affection and conduct.

Why should we pray? Because it is good to converse with our Father; because in so doing we are reminded of what He desires for us—which is always the best possible; because from thinking of Him we are inspired to be like Him; and finally because in some mysterious way He gives power to those who seek His will. By prayer men are reminded of God, of His will for them, and in a real way made like Him.

The truest prayer is the active desire to have the will of God done in our lives. Not petition, but submission to our Father, is the perfection of prayer.

DO WE PRAY? We should do so constantly. It is our greatest privilege. Without it we shall fail in the crucial hours; with it failure to realize the things essential to life, like submission, strength, faith, courage, loyalty to duty, grace to live by and to die by, will be impossible.

— Amory H. Bradford

Book Review

LETTERS TO YOU, by Vida Reed Stone, Willing Pub. Co., P. O. Box 51, San Gabriel, Calif., 1949, 77 pp, $1.00. GOD'S POWER IS AVAILABLE, by Mildred Long, 2642 Mt. View Dr., La Verne, Calif., 47 pp, 50¢. WITH ONE VOICE, compiled by Robert Merrill Bartlett, Thos. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. 1961, 181 pp, $3.50.

Vida Reed Stone is widely known as a writer in the metaphysical and spiritual fields; her articles and essays have appeared in many outstanding religious publications, including FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. She has had an important spiritual influence on many lives throughout the country. We are happy to recommend one of her typical books, *LETTERS TO YOU*, which can best be described in a brief Foreword she herself wrote: "These letters were written to friends in many parts of the world, during the past few years. But as I know they were written to the One Friend within *all* men, which includes *you* who are reading these words--I send them out in printed form that they may carry a message of love, faith and upliftment from my heart to yours."

The spirit of this Foreword pervades all the letters in her book, 31 in all, and the subjects they treat cover the whole range of spiritual endeavor. *LETTERS TO YOU* would be a valuable addition to anyone's library.

Mildred Long's name is familiar to readers of this publication. Her beautiful and inspired writings have enhanced our pages in many issues over the last two years. Her recent 47-page booklet, *GOD'S POWER IS AVAILABLE*, lives up to the standards of style and inspiration that readers have come to expect of her. The meditations and spiritual counsel in this booklet have an air of conviction and hard-won experience that gives them a telling persuasiveness.

One is not surprised to read in the Introduction the following: "For many years I was in varying stages of invalidism.,.Then came a complete nervous breakdown with impairment in muscle power and control. Emotional problems were added. These found a foothold in my own buried emotional turmoil. Thus I was held a prisoner for years...I shall try to give

you many of the methods and practices that eventually brought me healing in body and mind. I know that if this could be so for me, it can also be your experience. Only two things are needed: a desire strong enough to persist, and the willingness to pay the price. *'The road winds up hill all the way'...*"

We believe that readers who have enjoyed Miss Long's articles in *FIP* will enjoy *GOD'S POWER IS AVAILABLE* even more, and we suggest that they write to her directly.

Dr. Robert Merrill Bartlett's new book, just published, *WITH ONE VOICE*, is subtitled *Prayers from Around the World*. The publisher states that "it will provide inspiration for young people of all countries," and no doubt it will. It would be wonderful if intelligent youths between sixteen and twenty could get hold of this book and absorb, not only the prayers themselves, but the implications of the prayers. For these are prayers devoid of the sectarian and dogmatic connotations that have driven so many away from religion in our time. But for this very reason, as well as the good judgment and maturity evident in the selections, it is a book that would be helpful and inspiring to people of any age. As a Christmas gift for a young person, it would be ideal.

Most of the prayers are from Christian sources, but they are drawn from the ranks of every faith. Gandhi, Schweitzer, St. Francis, Laotse, Tagore, Vivekananda and Tolstoy are among the contributors to this fine book. In addition, there are several prayers included by Dr. Bartlett himself, and they are outstanding even in an anthology of this type. Dr. Bartlett, it should be noted, has contributed a number of beautiful prayers to religious publications in recent years.

What emerges most of all from a reading of *WITH ONE VOICE* is the realization that in the essentials of religion all men are one and the same universal verities motivate them all—that all who believe in God pray to Him, and He is the God of all men, loving them all equally. At this time of year, especially, the benevolence of the Christmas season should help to make us benevolent toward all who hold different beliefs from us, and remind us of our divine kinship, under God, with all men everywhere.

— *P.H.*

IF THERE IS BUT ONE RELIGION---

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why are not all agreed, as you can all read the Book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but He has made a great difference between His white and His red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for His children. We are satisfied.

Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

— *Red Jacket, 1758-1830*

"Love knows no limit to its endurance, no end to its trust, no fading of its hope."

— Mary Vincent.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Tolerance is the ability to let other people be happy in their own way.

— *James W. Earley*

NOTICES and COMMENTS

CONTRIBUTORS. Dr. Ervin Seale, whose 'Let Yourself Be Helped' appears on page 29, is minister of the Church of the Truth in New York City...Mrs. Lucille Agniel Calmes, of Washington, D.C., appears in FIP for the first time with 'Summer's Ending,' on page 25. Mrs. Calmes promises to write for us again in the near future...The Christmas prayer by R. L. Stevenson on the first page and Dr. Robert Merrill Bartlett's Prayer for Truth on page 15 are both drawn from Dr. Bartlett's new book, *WITH ONE VOICE*, reviewed in this issue...Permission to reprint the dramatic illustration by John Pruitt on page 18 was cordially granted by the editor of *THE ATLANTIAN*, an outstanding quarterly magazine produced by the inmates of the Atlanta Penitentiary... Miss Anna Grace Sawyer of Chicago kindly furnished the Jewish Sabbath Prayer that appears on the back inside cover.

~

EXPANSION NOTE. Fellowship in Prayer had its origin in the winter of 1949-50 with two large newspaper advertisements. One of our friends in New York has generously underwritten the cost of reprinting several thousand copies of one of these original advertisements, under the heading *A CALL TO PRAYER TO ALL RELIGIOUS FAITHS.* Already a great number have been mailed out and the results so far have been very gratifying. With every month that passes, Fellowship in Prayer continues to grow. From several standpoints—the improvement and expansion of the publication, the responsiveness and support from members, and the steady increase in subscriptions—this past year has been the most successful in our history. But we look forward, in gratitude and dedication, to an even more auspicious year in 1962.

~

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates available for extra copies.

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SEASON'S GREETINGS. May the blessings of this holy season touch the lives of everyone and help to make our prayers for world peace and brotherhood more effective than ever before. To one and all we extend our greetings and hopes for a joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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A SABBATH PRAYER

We come into Thy house, O Lord, to voice the longings of our hearts in prayer. In the pressure of daily living, we often forget Thee, and stifle the nobler impulses of our nature. On the Sabbath Day, in this hour of worship, we regain the feeling of our kinship with Thee. Help us, O Father, to keep alive this sense of our high lineage amid the labors and duties of our common life.

When selfishness and greed prompt us to wrong doing, may the sense of Thy nearness restrain our desires and save us from degradation. May the inspiration of this hour open our hearts that we may receive the helpless and despondent with sympathy and love. When summoned to give our strength to a noble cause, let the influence of our Sabbath worship fill us with eagerness and ardor that we may bring our offering with joy.

May it be Thy will that our prayers be not barren of results; aid us to make them meaningful and fruitful. Hear Thou our supplication and bless us; for in Thee alone do we trust.

— From Union Prayer Book for Jewish Worship

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